



Opera Up Close and Personal: Basses and Beer

"Largo al factorum" from *Il Barbiere de Seville*

Make way for the topman of the city.
Rushing to his shop now that it's dawn.
Ah, isn't life good, how pleasant it is
For a barber of class!
Ah, nice one Figaro!
I am the luckiest it's true to say!
Ready for anything,
night and day
Always busy and around.
A better lot for a barber,
A more noble life cannot be found.
Razors and combs
Lancets and scissors,
At my command
Are all here.
And there are `extras',
Then, for the business
With women... and with gentlemen...

Gaetano Donizetti

Everyone asks for me, everyone wants me,
Women, young people, old people, the golden haired;
What about the wig... A quick shave...
Some leeches for bleeding...
Quick the note...
What about the wig, a quick shave,
Hurry - the note, o me!
Figaro! Figaro! Figaro! etc.
Heavens, what mayhem!
Heavens, what crowds!
One at a time, For pitie's sake!
Figaro! Here I am.
O me, Figaro! Here I am.
Figaro here, Figaro there,
Figaro up, Figaro down,
Quicker and quicker the sparks fly with me;
I am the topman of the city.
Ah, nice one Figaro! Nice one, really nice one;
From you luckiness will not depart.

Translation by Stephen McCloskey

"Non Piu Andrai" from *Le Nozze de Figaro*

You won't go any more, amorous butterfly,
Fluttering around inside night and day,
Disturbing the sleep of beauties,
A little Narcissus and Adonis of love.
You won't have those fine feathers
any more,
That light and jaunty hat,
That hair, that shining aspect,
That womanish red color [in your face]!
Among soldiers, by Bacchus!
A huge moustache, a little knapsack,
Gun on your back, sword at your side,
Your neck straight, your nose exposed,

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

A big helmet, or a big turban,
A lot of honour, very little pay.
And in place of the dance
A march through the mud.
Over mountains, through valleys,
With snow, and heat-stroke,
To the music of trumpets,
Of bombards, and of cannons,
Which, at every boom,
Will make bullets whistle past your ear.
Cherubino, go to victory!
To military glory!

Translation by Jane Bishop

“Prologue” from *Pagliacci*

Excuse me!
Ladies and gentlemen,
forgive me for appearing alone.
I am the Prologue.
Since the author is putting on the stage
again the old Comedy of Masks,
he would like to revive
some of the old customs
and so sends me out again to you.
But not to say, as of old,
"The tears we shed are feigned!
Do not alarm yourselves at our sufferings
and our torments!"
No.
The author instead has sought to paint
for you a scene from life.
He takes as his basis simply
that the artist is a man
and that he must write for men.
His inspiration was a true story.

Ruggero Leoncavallo

A horde of memories
was one day running through his head,
and he wrote, shedding real tears,
with sobs to mark the time!
So you will see love,
as real as human beings' love:
You will see the sad fruit of hate.
You will hear agonies of grief,
cries of rage and bitter laughter!
So think then, not of our poor
theatrical costumes
but of our souls,
for we are men of flesh and blood.
Breathing the air of this lonely world
Just like you!
I have told you his plan.
Now hear how it is unfolded.
Come. Let's begin!

“Vecchia zimarra, senti” from *La Boheme*

Dear old coat, listen,
I stay here below,
but you must now
ascend the mount of piety!
Receive my thanks.
You never bent your threadbare
back to the rich and powerful.

Giacomo Puccini

You have sheltered in your pockets
Like peaceful caves,
philosophers and poets.
Now that happy days
have fled, I bid you farewell,
my faithful friend,
farewell, farewell.

“Deh, vieni alla finestra” from *Don Giovanni*

O come to the window, beloved;
O come and dispel all my sorrow!
If you refuse me some solace,
before you dear eyes I will die.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

Your lips are sweeter than honey,
your heart is sweetness itself:
then be not cruel, my angel,
I beg for one glance, my beloved!

Translation by Camila Argolo Freitas Batista

“Suoni la trombe, e in trepido” from *I Puritani*

Send forth the call victorious,
Trumpets shall proclaim it loudly,
Death on the field is glorious,
To arms, at break of day!
We fight for right and liberty,
Long shall we live in story,
That is the soldier's glory,
That doth for all repay,

Vincenzo Bellini

To arms, then!
Death in the field is glorious,
To arms, at break of day!
Trumpets aloud shall proclaim it,
Death on the battlefield is glorious!
Troops will be here at morning's dawn (I know it!)
Seeking o take his life, he must be saved! (Yes, saved!)
Be this our battle cry, "England victorious."

"Madamina, il catalogo é questo" from *Don Giovanni*

My lady, this is the list
of the beauties that my master has loved;
a list that I made myself;
Look here (and) read with me.
In Italy six hundred and forty;
In Germany two hundred and thirty one;
Onehundred in France, in Turkey ninety one;
But in Spain there are already a thousand and one.
There are among these peasant girls,
Servants, townspeople,
There are countesses, baronesses,
Marquesses, princesses.
And there are women of every class,
Of every shape, of every age.
With the blondes he usually
Praises their manners,

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

With the brunettes their faithfulness,
With the gray-haired ones their sweetness.
In the winter he wants the heavy ones,
In the summer he wants the slim ones;
The big ones are majestic,
the little ones are charming,
for the pleasure of putting them on the list;
His overriding passion
are the young beginners (adolescents).
He doesn't care if a woman is rich
if she's ugly, if she's pretty;
as long as she has a skirt on,
you know what he does.

Translation by Leonora McClernan

"Votre toast, je peux vous le rendre" from *Carmen*

Your toast, I can give it to you
Sirs, sirs, for along with the soldiers
Yes, the Toreros, can understand;
For pleasures, for pleasures
They have combats!
The arena is full,
it is the feast day!
The arena is full, from top to bottom;
The spectators, losing their heads,
The spectators began a big fracas!
Apostrophes, cries, and uproar
Grow to a furor!
Because it is a celebration of courage!
It is the celebration of people with heart!
Let's go, on guard! Let's go! Let's go! Ah!
Toreador, on guard! Toreador, Toreador!
And dream away, yes, dream in combat,
That a black eye is watching you,
And that love awaits you,
Toreador, love awaits you!
All of a sudden, it is silent

Georges Bizet

Ah, what is happening?
More cries! It is the moment!
The bull throws himself out
Bounding out of the Toril!
He throws himself out! He enters.
He strikes! A horse rolls,
Dragging a picador,
Ah, Bravo! Bull! The crowd roars!
The bull goes, he comes,
He comes and strikes again!
Shaking his banderillos,
Full of fury, he runs!
The arena is full of blood!
They save themselves, they pass the gates
It is your turn now. Let's go!
On guard! Let's go! Let's go! Ah!
Toreador, on guard! Toreador, Toreador!
And dream away, yes, dream in combat,
That a black eye is watching you,
And that love awaits you,
Toreador, Love awaits you!

Translation by Lea F. Frey

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for Jingle All the Cabaret!

